

American Junior Red Cross NEWS



JANICE HOLLAND

February 1949



"LET ME SEE, TOO!" one schoolboy in Helsinki, Finland says to another, as they open their gift boxes from the United States.

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

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Birthdays and Valentines

FEBRUARY is one of the best months in the year. It has so many special days to celebrate. There's Washington's birthday, and Lincoln's, and Edison's, just to name three. Then Valentine's Day always means fun for everyone. It is a day, too, for doing nice little things for others.

Junior Red Cross members use Valentine's Day as a reason for making many people happy. Some boys and girls make tray favors for veterans who have to be in hospitals. Others send valentines to cheer children who are sick, or to old people who appreciate being remembered. Some members put on plays or programs for people who are "shut-ins."

A World of Neighbors

FEBRUARY is getting to be known as "Brotherhood" month, too. That simply means that we have been asked to remember especially how we can be friendly and neighborly to everyone. We are all neighbors, when you stop to think about it, whether we live next door or in a neighboring city, or even in a neighboring country.

"U" in United Nations

EVERYONE today is watching the United Nations. As we hear people ask, "What is the United Nations doing about this or that?" we should remember that it really means, "What are we doing about it?" We are all a part of the United Nations. Each of the 58 nations making up the United Nations has agreed to try to work together as good neighbors.

Even boys and girls can help. They can learn about the United Nations. They can tell others what they have learned.

They can also do many things to get acquainted with boys and girls of other countries. The Junior Red Cross has many ways to help you in that. School correspondence albums, gift boxes, school art are only a few suggestions. Remember the "U" in United Nations is the first letter!

—Lois S. Johnson, editor.



President Lincoln's Children

PRESIDENT LINCOLN loved children and was always especially nice to them. One look into his deep kindly eyes, and they were his friends forever.

When he saw a child coming toward him among his visitors he could be pretty sure the child had no deep laid scheme to propose, or impossible request to make, but was just a kindly friendly young soul with whom he could relax for a moment and so gain new strength to carry his great burden.

He had four children of his own—all boys. Robert, the eldest, entered college about the time his father became President. Edward, the next, had died years before. The two youngest were Willie, who was 11 when the family went to Washington, and Tad the youngest, who spent his eighth birthday in the White House on April 4, 1861, a month after his father was inaugurated.

Tad's real name was Thomas. He was named for his pioneer grandfather who had almost been carried off by the Indians when he was only 6. But nobody thought of calling the President's youngest son anything but Tad, which was his father's pet name for him.

Tad seemed younger than his age, for he had been born with a defect of speech which made it impossible for him to pronounce words plainly. Because of this Tad had been much petted and indulged. He had not been sent to school, and was in truth a very much spoiled small boy. But he was such a merry warm-hearted little chap that people could not help liking him.

Mr. Lincoln called these two boys "his dear little codgers," and sometimes dreamed about them when he was away from home. If the dream was an unhappy one, he would worry

DID YOU KNOW that Tad and Willie Lincoln once drove a team of goats into the White House? HELEN NICOLAY — whose father was President Lincoln's secretary — tells this and other stories you will like about the Lincoln boys in the White House.

about them until he received a letter saying all was well. Once he sent a telegram to his wife, asking her to put away Tad's pistol, because he had a bad dream about him, and feared the child might harm himself.

Tad adored his father. John Hay once wrote in his diary: "Tad laughs uproariously whenever he sees his father's eyes twinkle."

TAD'S BROTHER Willie, who was quieter as well as older, was in some respects more like the President than any of his other sons. Willie had a very good mind, and friends of Mr. Lincoln thought they saw in Willie's eyes exactly the same merry twinkle that was in his father's eyes when he was happy.

Willie was particularly interested in railroads, and would spend hours working out elaborate timetables by which to take imaginary trains long distances. Once he made a timetable of his own doings, writing a list of his duties and lessons and playtimes and allotting the necessary amount of time to each.

It is hard to imagine Tad doing anything so systematic. But Willie was no prig, and seems to have been quite willing to follow Tad into mischief in which the younger boy was usually the leader.

Tad's behavior was at times quite outrageous. No matter how solemn and important a conference his father might be holding, he would burst into the room, shouting loudly and beating his drum, demanding instant attention.

His father never seemed to mind. He would pause long enough to ask, "My son, can't you manage to make a little less noise?"—then go on as soon as possible with the discussion. Since

he chose to regard the invasion that way, nobody else could object, though doubtless the others secretly told themselves what they would do with that child, if they had half a chance!

WHEN TAD's actions happened to amuse the President's clerks and secretaries, they spoke of him as the "Comic Relief." If, as was more often the case, he annoyed them, the names they bestowed upon him were not so polite.

Always intent on having his own way, he could usually be managed by appealing to his generosity.

In those days the second floor of the White House was very crowded. The President's family lived in one half, while the other half was used for the executive offices. Tad decided that he needed one of these rooms for his own exclusive use, and obstinately locked the door. He was only persuaded to unlock it when told how much this would inconvenience his father.

He was always sure his father would understand what he wished to say, though others had difficulty in understanding his rapid, imperfect speech. He was sure, too, that his father would take his part, no matter how outrageous his conduct might have been. Sometimes he would take refuge in Mr. Lincoln's office from punishment that he knew awaited him in another part of the house, and remain there for hours.

ONCE HE AND WILLIE drove their team of goats—"Nanny Goat and her husband Billy"—all through the halls and drawing-rooms on the first floor that were known as the State Apartments. These rooms were used only for official entertaining—the splendid East Room, as big as a church; the great crimson-carpeted hall that led down to the State Dining

Room at the other end; and the three smaller parlors between them that opened off the wide corridor. These were the Red Parlor, the Green Parlor, and the oval Blue Room, where General Grant received his commission to command all the Union Armies.

How the goats behaved, we do not know, or whether the triumphal drive was ever repeated. It certainly was not, with the approval of the housekeeper!

On another day all the bells in the house began ringing, making an awful din. The first

one to ring was the one in Mr. Lincoln's private office. He could put out his hand and touch the long bell-rope as he sat at his desk.

In a few minutes all the bells were clanging together. People began running from all parts of the house toward the President's office.

Servants rushed up from the basement kitchen. Old Edward Moran, who had been head doorkeeper for years and years, left his post and hobbled upstairs as fast as his rheumatic old legs could carry him. Clerks and secretaries burst into

the President's office, dreading what they might find. They only found Mr. Lincoln sitting quietly at his desk, looking very much astonished.

"No," he answered as they showered questions upon him, he had not rung his bell. He did not want anything.

Finding him safe and sound, the people ran out again and scattered in all directions, trying to find out what had happened. It remained a great mystery until somebody went up to the attic and found that the two little boys, prowling there, had found the switch which set all the bells in motion—and then had gone prudently into hiding.

That attic was a wonderful place. You never knew what might be found there. One day



President Lincoln and his son Tad

President Lincoln found a "live elephant." His boys and some of their young friends were having a circus, and had brought all the pets they could get up the attic stairs. In addition they had persuaded two young members of the White House guard to help them contrive an elephant, the young guardsmen acting as its legs, and its body being made of army blankets.

This amused the President so much that he told the boys they must repeat the performance, and brought a lot of high officials up the attic stairs to see it.

IN FEBRUARY 1862, when Mr. Lincoln had been President almost a year, both boys fell ill of a fever. Tad finally recovered, but Willie died, to the grief of everybody who knew him. A nurse who was on duty at the White House has told how devoted the President was. He spent as much time as possible in the sickroom, and always went to give Tad his medicine.

After Willie's death, the bond between Tad and his father seemed closer than ever—if such a thing were possible. The President once told a friend that he wanted to give Tad everything he was no longer able to give Willie.

Both children had been fond of pets. Now Tad had more pets than ever, for his parents hoped he would feel less lonely because of them. He had white rabbits and a favorite cat. There was a dog that gave birth to puppies on the same day that the cat had kittens. Both boys had owned ponies.

ONE AUTUMN an admirer sent Mr. Lincoln a fine turkey cock for his Thanksgiving dinner. Tad fell in love with it, named it Jack, and insisted it had a sense of humor. The bird seemed to return Tad's affection, and the boy begged so hard for its life that the President stopped everything one very busy day to write out with his own hand a "reprieve" for Jack—exactly as if the turkey had been a soldier condemned to death by court-martial.

Billy, one of the goats, died; but Nanny lived on. Perhaps she too was lonely, for she became something of a nuisance. She was sent to the Soldiers' Home outside of Washington, where the President's family occupied a cottage during the summer months; but the gardener in charge of the grounds

complained, and two days later she was back again nibbling the grass on the White House lawn.

Soon after Mr. Lincoln, writing to his wife who was away and had taken Tad with her, sent this sad message to his son:

Tell dear Tad poor Nanny Goat is lost, and Mrs. Cuthbert and I are in distress over it. (Mrs. Cuthbert must have been the housekeeper.) The day you left Nanny was found chewing her little cud in the middle of Tad's bed, but now she is gone. The gardener kept complaining that she destroyed the flowers, till it was concluded to bring her down to the White House. This was done, and the second day she had disappeared, and has not been heard from since.

TAD LOOKED MORE like his mother's people than like his father. He was what Mr. Lincoln called "short and low" instead of being tall and thin.

But in matters of dress he was not at all like his mother. Mrs. Lincoln liked nice clothes and was always fashionably dressed. Tad on the other hand was the sort of child who seemed unable to put on his clothes properly without outside help.

A little girl who sat just behind the Lincoln pew in church remembered seeing Mrs. Lincoln blush with embarrassment when Tad came in late, showing unmistakably that he had dressed alone. But his father never seemed to mind. He would make a place for the lad close beside him, put a protecting arm around him, and soon Tad would be happily asleep.

Probably the only suit Tad thoroughly liked was a miniature soldier's uniform in which he had his picture taken. It had been made after gruff Secretary Stanton, in a fit of good humor gave him a commission as second lieutenant of volunteers.

Armed with this authority and wearing his new suit, Tad began giving the White House servants military training. Then one night he dismissed the regular White House guard and put his awkward squad on duty.

Somebody went and told the President, but he only laughed, and refused to do anything about it until the small commander, worn out with excitement and glory, fell fast asleep. Then he ordered the regular guard back to their posts and carried Tad tenderly up to bed.



THE UNITED NATIONS

A Picture Story

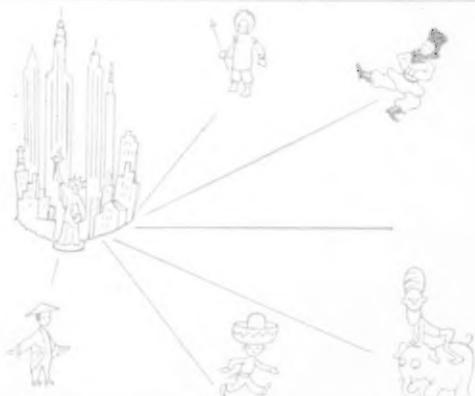


LOIS FISHER

(1) Long ago, people in different countries were separated. Why? Some of the reasons are in the pictures. Can you think of others?



(2) But now, all people in the world are neighbors. What brought this about? The pictures tell some of the reasons.



(3) The neighbors disagreed. So they set up the United Nations, made up of 58 countries. What countries do the pictures show? Which are not shown? Where does UN meet?



(4) Each of the 58 countries sends "delegates" to the UN. These representatives TALK OVER the things they disagree about—instead of FIGHTING with weapons. In what languages do they talk? How do they make everyone understand?



(5) Here are some of the UN committees at work to make all the people in the world happier. Can you tell what kind of work these organizations do by looking at the pictures? Then study the meaning of the initials given below:

ILO—International Labor Organization
 FAO—Food and Agriculture Organization
 BANK—International Bank for Reconstruction and Development
 FUND—International Monetary Fund
 ITO—International Trade Organization
 ITU—International Telecommunications Union
 ICAO—International Civil Aviation Organization

UPU—Universal Postal Union
 IMCO—Intergovernmental Maritime Consultative Organization
 UNESCO—United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization
 IRO—International Refugee Organization
 WHO—World Health Organization
 UNICEF—United Nations International Childrens Emergency Fund



Charlie's Chance

MARTHA WARD DUDLEY

Illustrated by Weda Yap

You will like this story about how Charlie's quick thinking earned him a chance to play on the team.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON after school, Charlie Wang stood watching at the edge of the lot, ready to catch a chance fly. He also hoped that maybe today, Dinky Jordan, the team's star pitcher, would give him his chance to play ball.

"Go on! Go on!" snarled Dinky, as he scooped up a ball within earshot of Charlie. "No use standing around here. We've got a game coming up and this is an *important* practice."

Charlie moved on a few slow steps.

"Beat it, foreigner!" yelled an outfielder. "This is an all-American team!"

Charlie's sunny smile faded from his face and he moved away faster.

"Come on, let's play," Joe shouted impatiently. "Only 10 more minutes and Dinky and I have to serve papers."

Dinky's pitching arm wound up, then dropped to his side. "Now what!" he growled. "Look who comes! Can't those Ordway kids wait till the Saturday game?"

The Ordway captain walked to the pitcher's box. "Listen," he said to Dinky, "my team's got to play on Friday afternoon instead of Saturday morning."

"Why's that?"

"We got to, that's all." A sly wink passed around the Ordway crowd.

"But Dinky has to serve papers every afternoon," explained young Tim, "and he's our pitcher!"

Dinky had to decide. "O.K.," he said finally. "We'll play you tomorrow afternoon."

The Ordway team walked off the lot whistling with their heads held high.

"But what are you going to do about your

papers, Dinky?" Joe was worried. "You know your Pop'll be angry if you're not out serving them."

"I'll think of a way," said Dinky.

"Why not ask Charlie?" Young Tim's thoughts, as usual, slid right off his tongue.

"Quiet, small fry," Dinky glared at him. Then he stopped short. "Wait, maybe that's it! . . . Yeh," he breathed, "Charlie Wang can serve my papers and I can play ball."

Dinky turned to his team, his face serious,

"Don't anybody say anything, though," he warned.

IT WAS TIME for practice to break up. Joe and Dinky headed with their wagons to the Avenue corner where piles of *The Evening Dispatch* already awaited the newsboys.

"I'll fix it with Charlie this evening," said Dinky. "I hope he knows enough to read a list of house numbers."

"It'll be worth your 70 cents, won't it?" said Joe, heaping his papers into the wagon. "Well, see you tomorrow, but I'll have to leave early. I have to serve, no matter what."

He folded and tucked the top sheet into a "biscuit" with quick fingers. "But I won't say anything," he added.

Charlie wasn't anxious to take over Dinky's route, but he tried to forget some of the ugly things shouted at him from the ball lot. He said he was willing.

"And listen you," said Dinky, not too kindly, "no funny business! Everything's got to be just the way I'd do it."

Charlie nodded without smiling. "Me do it," he said in English that still got mixed up at times. "Me do it all Ho-Kay."

NEXT AFTERNOON the game was on. Joe left after the seventh inning, but Dinky, of course, stayed on.

"How's score?" asked Charlie of Joe as they met at the Avenue corner.

"Awful close. We'd lose without Dinky," said Joe. "Say, Charlie, it's a good thing you're serving his papers so he can pitch today." Joe's eyes beamed a friendly smile toward the Chinese boy.

Charlie's grin was so broad that his eyes closed tight.

"Here's the house list and your money," said Joe. "Dinky sent them."

Charlie took the paper and silver, nodded, and hurried off.

Around the corner and down a side street, the air smelled sweet to him. Wasn't he serving papers just like a hundred other newsboys in the city? Didn't that make almost an American out of him?

And in a way, hadn't Joe said that he was helping to win a ball game? Surely he wouldn't have to wait much longer for his chance to get on the team.



Charlie wound up just the way Dinky did in the pitcher's box. Then he let the paper fly.

Charlie sighed happily. He rolled and tucked the next paper into a hard "biscuit" as he had seen Joe do. He wound up just the way Dinky did in the pitcher's box. He let it fly.

But the paper didn't stop on the porch. Crash! Shatter! An *Evening Dispatch* sailed in a beautiful curve right through one of the glass panes in somebody's front door!

Mr. Somebody didn't lose any time opening that door. He stamped out. He cast an angry glance at the shattered glass. Then he glared like a lion at Charlie.

"Me throw it!" said Charlie promptly. "Me-I-sorry. Me pay right now." He reached into his pocket and drew out the 70 cents.

Mr. Somebody's spectacles slid down his nose as he bent over to see the money. "Huh, that's not near enough," he growled.

Charlie reached into his other pocket. Only a handkerchief and a magnet were in that one.

"You aren't the regular newsboy anyway, are you? What's the matter with him? . . . Why isn't he here? . . . Is he sick?"

Charlie was silent.

"I'll see to it *he's* reported, too," Mr. Somebody grumbled as he turned away. "What sort of business is this anyway!" He stamped into his house and closed the door so hard that the falling glass tinkled.

Charlie was really worried. Now he'd got Dinky into trouble and couldn't seem to get him out.

He finished serving Dinky's papers; but this time he carefully laid each paper in front of its door. Then he hurried home to get more money to give to Dinky for the broken window.

DINKY WAS almost at his steps when Charlie caught up with him and told him what had happened. "And he say he report us . . . you, too!" Charlie shook his head sadly. "Me try to fix it. Me tellable sorry! Here's money for window glass."

"Come on—and hurry!" Dinky spun around and headed down toward the side street. "We've got to get there before my father hears about it, or I can't play ball again this season!"

Both boys ran to the house where the gruff Mr. Somebody seemed to be all ready to board up the narrow window frame.

Dinky whistled a sigh, "Oh boy—it had to be Mr. Morley! He's probably called my manager by now."

The boys walked bravely up the steps. Charlie spoke first. "Both us here now," he said. "We pay."

Mr. Morley turned around slowly. He looked more worried than angry this time. "Huh, now I'm locked out," he groaned, "and only 40 minutes to meet my wife's train."

Mr. Morley's face cracked into an unusual smile. "I guess that pays your bill to me, boys," he said.



"I came out to board up this window you broke," he glared fiercely again at Charlie and Dinky, "then the door blew shut."

"Maybe we can help," said Dinky.

"You ought to," growled Mr. Morley. "Here, see if you can crawl through this hole. My keys are right there on the phone table." He pointed inside.

Dinky was the smaller. He squeezed and stuffed himself into the door-window opening while Charlie pushed. But there was room only for his shoulders.

"Come out of there before you break the frame, too," said Mr. Morley gruffly.

"**W**AIT! Me have idea," cried Charlie, pointing inside to the needed key ring. "You got string?" he asked Dinky.

Dinky drew a ball of it from his well-stocked pockets.

Charlie took out his magnet and tied one end of the string to it. He looked in through the door again toward the phone table as if measuring. He unrolled most of the string. Then he wrapped and tied his hand-

kerchief around the magnet, leaving the poles uncovered.

Now he stepped directly in front of the window opening. With a slow and easy underhand, he threw the padded magnet squarely onto Mr. Morley's phone table.

Dinky whistled as if his team were about to make a home run.

Charlie pulled his end of the string. The key ring which had attached itself to the magnet thumped down off the phone table and jingled after Charlie's magnet like a dog collar on a leash.

Mr. Morley's face cracked into an unusual smile. "I guess that pays your bill to me, boys," he said, choosing the right key off his ring. "And I won't report it, *this time*," he added, trying to sound gruff again. "That window pane was loose anyway."

"Oh brother!" Dinky Jordan drew his breath in gratefully as they headed up the street. "That sure was good pitching. Say, we could use another good man on the team. Be on the lot around ten tomorrow, O.K.?"

"Ho-Kay," Charlie answered softly.



PHOTO BY E. SIGURGEIRSSON

The three gables on the left make up this old Icelandic farmhouse. Front walls and inner structure are timber; back and side walls are turf and stone. When Gunnar visited his grandmother, he made many strange discoveries about her house, which looked like the one pictured here.

The Old Farmhouse in Iceland

MEKKIN S. PERKINS

"**G**oody!" said little Gunnar, clapping his hands. "May I really go with you this time? May I visit *Amma* and see that queer old farmhouse?" He pointed to a framed picture of a house that hung on the wall.

"Yes, Gunnar, this time you may go," said mother.

Gunnar was an Icelandic boy. He lived in a modern house of concrete in the capital city, Reykjavik. But his grandmother, or *Amma* as he called her in his native tongue, lived in an old-fashioned farmhouse far away, in northern Iceland.

In the picture, *Amma's* house looked like a row of three houses, each with a white gable in front. These houses were held together by very thick walls of earth and rough stone. Only the front was of wood. Bright green sod covered the roof.

Many years ago, all farmhouses in Iceland were built like *Amma's* house. Now there are

only a few left. Gunnar had never seen one. He did so want to see *Amma's*.

But on her visits to *Amma* his mother had always refused to take the boy along, although he begged and begged to go.

"You are too small yet," Mother would say. "It is such a long journey, first by boat to Akureyri on the north coast, then a long pony ride into the country."

Now that Gunnar was 10 years old his mother gave him permission to go. He was a big boy. His legs were so long that he could easily ride an Icelandic pony, which is much larger than a Shetland pony. Then, too, he and mother could now fly north instead of taking the steamer. Gunnar looked forward to the trip. He knew it would be fun.

AND GREAT FUN it turned out to be. The plane flew away up in the sky. Gunnar looked down, and below him by the sea were



PHOTO BY HANNESSON

Warm and cold—in the foreground cows are grazing on a grassy slope in Iceland. In the back the glacier extends down to the river bed.

small fishing villages, and scattered here and there farmhouses with large green fields surrounding them.

Then there were the mountains. Some of them had snowy caps on their heads; others, huge frowning rocks; still others, bright green slopes. But there was not a tree to be seen anywhere.

The plane soon landed at Akureyri. This city, with its 6000 inhabitants, is the second largest in Iceland. But to Gunnar it seemed very small. He was used to the capital, a modern city of 50,000 people.

At Akureyri Mother rented two ponies, one for herself, the other for Gunnar, and together they set off. They took a trail that first ran along the fjord and then turned off towards the mountains. On and on they rode, crossing many rippling streams.

They passed a pond on which great white swans swam majestically. Here there were trees. Never in his life had Gunnar seen so many trees.

WHEN AT LAST they arrived at *Amma's*, two great shepherd dogs came rushing out to greet them. One of the dogs tried to jump all over Gunnar, barking loudly all the time.

This frightened the boy. He was not used to dogs. Years ago, all dogs were banished from Reykjavik because they were considered carriers of disease. Even today there are only a few in the whole city.

Gunnar quickly got over his fright when *Amma* came out to call off the dogs.

"I am so glad that you have come at last," said *Amma*, giving Mother a kiss. And she kissed Gunnar too.

Then she invited them into the guest room.

"You must be hungry," *Amma* now said. "I will run out to the kitchen and get you a bite to eat."

Gunnar begged to be allowed to go with her. He wanted to see the house.

And so through a door in the rear wall of the guest room they entered a long passageway that ran the whole width of the house. Here it was dark and the dirt floor was uneven. Gunnar had to watch his step.

Soon they came to a door which opened into the kitchen.

Gunnar had never seen a kitchen like it. There was no stove. Only a crude stone fireplace on which something brown smoldered.

"What's that?" asked the boy, pointing to the brown substance.

"Peat," said *Amma*. "We are old-fashioned."



Reykjavik is the capital of Iceland. Its splendid harbor makes it a commercial center.



PHOTO BY JOSEPPSON

A statue of the famous sculptor Thorvaldsen stands in the Municipal Park at Reykjavik.

We still burn peat."

Gunnar thought that queer. Mother did not burn peat. She had an electric stove. But other things were queer here at *Amma's*. For instance, the houses at Reykjavik were heated with water piped from hot springs many miles away. *Amma* had no heating system at all in her house.

Amma now made coffee and brought out some smoked mutton. Also large dishes of *skyr*, the creamy Icelandic milk curd pudding of which Gunnar was fond. And best of all, *pönnukökur*, thin pancakes spread with a mixture of sugar and cinnamon and rolled up.

Gunnar and Mother ate heartily, for they were very hungry.

WHEN BEDTIME CAME, *Amma* took her visitors into a long room with four beds built into the walls, two on either side. Two chests, a table, chairs, and a spinning wheel completed the furnishings.

Through a window set in the low sloping roof the sunlight still streamed, although it was almost 10 o'clock. But in summer the sun never sets in that country up near the Arctic Ocean.



"This must be the *badstofa*," said Gunnar, who had often heard his mother speak of that room. "Why do they call it that? A bathroom? I don't see any bath."

Mother explained that long, long ago a room of this kind was actually used for bathing. Later it became a bed-sitting room. During the long dark winter evenings, the people would sit on the edge of their beds, spinning or knitting or carding wool, while one of the men read aloud. The room, however, still kept its old name.

Here, tired after the journey, the travelers now slept soundly under light eiderdown quilts.

Gunnar and Mother spent several happy days with *Amma* in the old farmhouse. The boy learned to love it. He enjoyed picking the wild flowers that grew in its walls, romping with the dogs, and chasing the sheep. And he terrified *Amma* by climbing up on the sod roof.

The visit was over only too soon and Gunnar and Mother road back to Akureyri to take the plane for home.

Gunnar was happy. At last he had seen *Amma's* house, the queer old farmhouse in the picture on the wall.

How Iceland Got Its Name

MEKKIN S. PERKINS

OLD FLOKI, a Viking from Norway,
Had wandered all over the sea,
In England and Scotland and Ireland
Plundered and pillaged had he.

Northward and westward heard Floki
Lay an island so wondrously fair,
His great roving spirit impelled him
To plan a voyage out there.

He prepared him a boat for the voyage,
With livestock and food, and as crew
Two farmers, who then could assist him
With whatever else he might do.

As guides through the then unknown waters
Three ravens of black he did take;
In those early days there was no one
Who knew how a compass to make.

As he sailed past the Faroes and northward
The ravens went out one by one,
Two flew back, the third guided him straightway
To a land of the midnight sun.

The land it was fair and majestic,
Its waters with fish did abound;
Of the cod, the trout, and the salmon
The abundance did Floki astound.

With his farmers he fished through the summer,
Such fishing he never had seen;
The livestock he put out to pasture
In meadows so lush and so green.

But alas and alack, came the winter,
The meadows were covered with snow;
The livestock all perished of hunger—
For Floki the grass failed to grow.

"Cursed land," said the disgusted Viking,
On the country all laying the blame,
His own failure quite overlooking;
Altogether he seemed without shame.

Came the spring, and yearning for Norway.
Floki climbed up a mountain so high,
And behold, far off to the northward,
A bay full of ice he did spy.

Then in wrath spoke the disgruntled Floki,
From the mountaintop viewing the bay,
"The name of this land shall be Iceland,
Forever and ever, alway."

Because Floki was lured by the fishing
And that year the ice filled the bay,
This land with its many green meadows
Is called Iceland to this very day.

JUNIOR RED CROSS

World



▲ IN JAPAN books are scarce, so these children are glad to get their new readers, printed on paper given by AJRC. At left is the president of Japanese Red Cross; at right a U. S. teacher.



FINLANDIA KUVA PHOTO
▲ IN HELSINKI, FINLAND, a boy shows his friend one of the toys from the American gift boxes.



RED CROSS PHOTO BY WALLER
▲ IN GERMANY, in a Displaced Persons' Camp, this Latvian girl smiles happily as she shows her gifts.



DANISH school children taken with the American Jun

POTO BRAILA—I. R. STAERY
◀ IN LAND, SALZBURG, a village near the Gross Glockner (Austria) school children open gift boxes from U.S.A.

World Neighbors

THE IDEA OF WORLD NEIGHBORS is well stated by the British Junior Red Cross in these words:

"If you met a boy or girl who could not speak your language, and both of you were wearing the badge of the Red Cross, the badge would speak for you! It would say—'You and I believe in the same things—we are doing the same kind of work. We have the same aims.'"



RED CROSS PHOTO BY MASLOW

▲ IN A KOREAN schoolroom, the arrival of the AJRC gift boxes brought this curious boy over to the girls' section to take a look at the contents.



SPORT-PHOTO, PARIS

◀ IN PARIS, FRANCE gift boxes from America bring a sparkle to the eyes of these school children who say "Thanks" to their friends across the seas.



PRESSEFOTOGRAF, IVER WANG
School children get their pic-
with the gift boxes from
an Junior Red Cross. ▶





PHOTOS FROM BRITISH INFORMATION SERVICES

British robin on a garden spade.

Yes—they do have robins in England

"Let's get better acquainted," write our English friends in their correspondence albums—as reported by ALICE I. THORNTON.

THE JUNIOR RED CROSS groups in the elementary schools of England are called its "Links" and the person we refer to as Junior Red Cross Chairman is their Link Secretary.

In reading school correspondence albums from English schools, we come upon many words which sound strange to us. You might not know where to look for "hips and haws" for vitamins" during a health campaign. But you would know how to collect flowers for hospitals, prepare gifts for children in institutions, mend toys, arrange Christmas parties, and raise money for the Service Fund. Such activities are common to all Junior Red Cross groups as well as those in England.

The British Junior Red Cross has written to its Links that "If you met a boy or girl who could not speak your language and both of you were wearing the badge of the Red Cross, the badge would speak for you! It would say, *you and I believe in the same things—we are doing the same kind of work. We have the same aims.*"

WHERE THEY PLAY "CONKER"

FROM A LINK in Monmouth comes this fine description of the country in which some of our English friends live:

"As I walk home from school I pass a bridge which leads into Vauxhall Camp. Next comes the picturesque old mill which was built in

* Hips and haws—Rose hips and haw berries are said to contain valuable vitamins and make excellent jelly.

1066. Only recently this stopped work, and is now being converted into a toy factory. Almost opposite this stands an oak with a seat underneath it. At the side a horse chestnut tree towers, which is a source of great amusement to all small children during the 'conker' season.[†]

"If one cares to climb the bank on which it stands, you will find a large field, very wild and muddy. A few paces further on, the road divides. The left hand one takes you to the Forge, where my house is. The other goes up to Great Osbaston where there is quite a village. At the end of the Forge Road are about six cottages with attractive gardens, and our house."

"THE YANKS ARE COMING"

THOSE whose brothers were stationed in England during the war will enjoy reading this message from Cornwall:

"*The Yanks are coming to Helston*, we heard people say, and then one day they arrived—a great regiment of tall fine looking men following their flag. It was the first time we had seen 'Old Glory.' We thought the Yanks looked very stern, but we soon found them to be ever so friendly. They gave us gum, let us ride in their jeeps and visit their camps. They came to our homes and we became great friends. They taught us to say 'Okey, boys' and called us 'buddies' and 'kids.'

"Their tents lined our roadside fields, their lorries and cars filled our roads, their planes filled our skies, and when the time came for them to march away, to drive and to fly away, we were all sad.

"We shall long remember those kindly well-conducted GIs that Uncle Sam sent to Cornwall, especially the famous 29th."

† Conker season—This refers to a popular game played with chestnuts.

BUSY AS BEES

AN ALBUM from Link 1323 in Leicestershire gives us an idea of their very busy Junior Red Cross program:

"At our annual exhibition one year, a stall was organized, and the sale of goods raised 60 pounds for the Relief Fund, and 20 pounds for the Local Comforts Fund. In the same month, we collected 2 pounds, 3 shillings for the blind of Leicestershire, and also toys and Christmas gifts for Father Christmas to distribute to the children in the Isolation Hospital.

"Last April an appeal was made for clothing on behalf of the people of Gouville, the French village adopted by the Leicestershire Red Cross organization. In response 10 boxes of clothes, foodstuffs, and gift boxes were sent, and they arrived safely.

Started 611 years ago as a market, the annual fair is still held in Pinner, England. Swings and "roundabouts" fill the main street.



Boys walking in the garden of Bluecoat School, Reading, England, wear the school's uniform.



"Oranges and lemons, the bells of St. Clements" is a favorite game with English boys and girls.

"In the following month we collected 375 eggs for the local hospital. The combined collections for Red Cross and St. John's Day, and the Alexander Rose Fund amounted to 3 pounds, 2 shillings, 9 pence.

"For the Red Cross bazaar, in Leicester, members sent beautiful pieces of embroidery and toys.

"Our adopted ship, *H.M.S. Acute*, has not been forgotten, and a Christmas parcel, containing books, games, cigarettes, and a few knitted articles was posted."

A QUESTION ANSWERED

FROM A VILLAGE school in Cambridgeshire came this reply to a school in Illinois:

"I am writing to thank you for your booklet entitled *Our Sweet Songsters* which we received in September. I was very surprised to see that you asked, 'Do you have robins in England?' Although they are not often seen in summer, the robins are our tamest birds in winter. The other day, as I was digging my garden, one came and hopped over the part I had dug, looking for grubs. Some will come into the house in the very cold weather looking for crumbs.

"It was only as I thought over this question that I realized how little we really know of each other's everyday lives. I can see, more than ever, the need for friendly correspondence between the children of our two nations. It seems that we know practically nothing of the common things that make up our lives and by writing to each other of these things, we can strengthen the bond between us."

Shall we accept this suggestion and send more school correspondence albums to Junior Red Cross groups abroad?



▲ This little boy is taking a Finnish sauna. He is spraying cool water on his face and head to adjust himself to the heat in the steam room.



▲ The little girl on the left is busily swinging her birch leaves to make herself sweat; the boy at right is wielding a wicked scrub-brush.



◀ The nurse washes the head of this little boy.

Nurse gives the final dunking—umps a pail of
▼ water over the head to rinse away soap suds.



Inside a FINNISH Bath

SAMUEL KRAKOW

WHEN a Finnish child takes a bath—in a real Finnish bath—he does more than scrub behind the ears! He also has the fun of going through a complicated but delightful ritual, and of attending a Saturday night party—all at the same time.

The Finns call their steam bath a "sauna" (pronounced sow-nah). They have constructed little bath houses in their backyards, invariably close by one of the many thousands of lakes which one finds in Finland. The style of these bath houses has remained virtually unchanged for a thousand years. All the folk stories children hear tell of the delightful times one has in a sauna.

The Finn considers the sauna so important that when he plans to build himself a house, he constructs the sauna first. The Finns certainly believe that cleanliness is next to godliness.

In the dressing room the nurse is drying this little boy after his sauna. He sits back clean and contented and already thinking about sleep.



In this little bath house one finds two rooms—a dressing room, and a steam room which leads directly from the dressing room. In the steam room you will see a sort of balcony consisting of three steps. At one end of the room is the hot stove on top of which are large round rocks.

As soon as you enter the room, to prevent yourself from becoming overheated, you start dousing your head with cool water. Soon your friends will begin throwing water on the hot rocks. This water immediately turns into steam and water vapor which spreads all over the room. At once you find yourself becoming warmer and warmer.

YOUR HOST will then hand you a bunch of fresh birch leaves with which you will "beat" yourself, but ever so gently. This really makes you sweat! After several minutes of this, your host will probably ask you to lie down and he will scrub you with a brush from head to toe. When he has finished, you, of course, will be expected to do the same for him.

Then a pailful of lukewarm water over your head, and the soapsuds are gone.

In the summertime, you and your friends will duck out for a quick swim in the nearby lake. The water will be quite cool, and you will look forward to returning to the friendly warmth of the sauna.

But in the wintertime, if you are in good health, you might take a quick dash out into the wintry air and perhaps throw a few snowballs, then take a fast roll in the nearest snow-pile. You most surely will want to run right back into the sauna again and let the heated air wrap itself around you like a great warm coat.

A few more pails of water over your head, then you go back to the dressing room to rub yourself dry and take a good long drink of sweetened berry juice or soda. Then you run to the house, feeling much too light on your feet to walk.

You might perhaps eat a sandwich, but you most certainly would want to head right for bed as quickly as possible. That bed will surely feel good, and no sooner does your head hit the pillow than you are fast asleep.



PHOTO COURTESY OF HELEN CASS

Alaskan children in fur parkas stop on their way to school to have their pictures taken.

For our Alaskan Neighbors

TWO PIECES OF SERVICE have recently been given our neighbors in Alaska through the National Children's Fund of the American Junior Red Cross.

ARTS AND CRAFTS SUPPLIES

Imagine the excitement in 77 native schools of Alaska when boxes of arts and crafts supplies arrived from the United States! The shipment was valued at \$11,500.

When the boxes were unpacked, the children could hardly wait to begin using all the exciting materials they found. Each box contained such articles as crayons, modeling clay, pottery clay, jars of paint, brushes, drawing paper, chalk, paste, and scissors.

Besides these, the pupils found yarn, knitting needles, crochet hooks, muslin, needles, even cretonne for curtains for their schools.

The teachers were happy, too, to find all kinds of books in the boxes telling how to make things with the materials.

One teacher at Galena, Alaska, wrote this letter after two boxes had been received in her school:

"If you could have seen the delight and joy in the eyes of the children, and could have heard their enthusiastic remarks, it would have been enough of a 'thank you' for the many useful items.

"They unpacked the two boxes and helped arrange them in the cupboard. The books are a great help and have been well thumbed already. They have painted and started knitting.

"Our people here do not know how to amuse themselves in leisure time so these materials will contribute greatly in helping the younger ones to develop habits of pleasant work and useful hobbies.

"Thank you for your work and for your materials."

FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN

A gift of \$11,500 from the National Children's Fund is now being used for the purpose of bringing crippled children from Alaska for treatment at the clinics of the University of Chicago in Chicago, Illinois. Arrangements for the selection of the children and their care are made by the Territorial Department of Health of Alaska. The request for this assistance was made by the Territorial Health Department.

A letter from Dr. Catherine S. Sherwood, director, Division of Maternal, Child Health, and Crippled Children's Services, tells about some of the children who have been sent to the Chicago hospital:

"We have sent five boys, ranging in age from 9 to 20 years, and three girls, ages 6 to 8. Four of the children have tuberculosis of the spine, one has tuberculosis of the knee, and one of the hip. Two have osteomyelitis.

"The children represent the Eskimo, Aleut, and Alaskan Indian races. They have come from homes in native villages on the shores of the Arctic Ocean, Bering Sea, Kodiak Island, and the Alaskan Peninsula.

"We have had several letters from the Chicago hospital telling us how well the children are getting along. Several of them have been waiting two or more years for an opportunity to go to a hospital for care. Your generous gift for transportation of these children is greatly appreciated, not only by our agency but by Alaskans in general."

Ideas on the March

WE HEAR from the West this month, as these pages bring news of Junior Red Cross activities in Pacific Area. This area includes Alaska, Arizona, California, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Oregon, Utah, and Washington. Mr. Louis H. Carlson is Director of AJRC in Pacific Area.

REGIONAL CONFERENCES

TWENTY Junior Red Cross regional conferences were held in various parts of Pacific Area during October and November. Over 8000 boys and girls from elementary schools, representing 180 chapters, took part in these meetings.

Each conference was held for just one day. The elementary groups met by themselves in the afternoon. During their sessions, the boys and girls presented dramatizations of Junior Red Cross activities.

Skits were presented on: *We Join the Junior Red Cross* (enrollment); *Service to Others*; *Gifts to Our Foreign Friends* (gift boxes); *How to Make a Thousand Friends* (correspondence); *Let's Be Careful* (safety).

At the conference in Santa Ana, California, a group of Navajo Indians from Riverside, California sang native songs and danced some of the Indian dances.

A new way to use puppets was shown by the members from Laguna, California. Their puppets put on a clever health and safety skit.

At one conference, the members enjoyed seeing colored slides showing Alaskan boys and girls working and playing in their schools and homes.

During the noon hour, members of the Marin County, California, Junior Red Cross entertained their conference with gay folk dances.

A most unusual tableau, "Upturned Faces," was presented by the Junior Red Cross of Portland-Multnomah Chapter during the conference there. A hidden speech choir described the international interests of Junior Red Cross. They got the information for their descriptions from an article in the May *Journal*, "I Talked with European Youth" by Royal C. Agne.

The Junior Red Cross Bulletin of the Long

Beach Chapter, California, had this to say about the conference at Santa Ana:

"One hundred fifty students, teachers, and adult leaders from Long Beach, Bellflower, and Paramount (all part of Long Beach Chapter) attended the Junior Red Cross regional conference in Santa Ana, Saturday, October 9. Santa Ana was a most gracious host, and we are sure that everyone enjoyed the day and gained a great deal from the meeting. The fun of talking to others interested in the same work, the opportunity to ask questions, to gain useful information, and the inspiration of such a large gathering made the trip well worthwhile.

"Special mention should go to the teachers who brought the younger boys and girls. Children of the 5th and 6th grades who attend these regional conferences bring back a great deal of enthusiasm. Last year following the Long Beach conference they conducted some fine assemblies in their schools, giving the

SCRAPBOOKS—JRC members, Lowell School, Long Beach, Calif., visit the handicapped children for whom they have made scrapbooks with large, easy-to-turn pages.





TALKING BOOK—From a school correspondence album prepared by the Oregon State School for the Blind, Salem, came this picture showing a blind girl listening to a talking book.

messages they learned to their fellow students.

"This joint meeting of youth and adults to discuss common problems is certainly a step towards the objective of teaching youth its civic responsibilities."

A WELCOME GIFT

THE LOWELL Elementary School, Long Beach, California took great pleasure in giving a special service to a group of cerebral palsied children in the Clearwater School. They made them large scrapbooks of doubled wrapping



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paper, the outer edges laced together with leather thongs. This made it easier for the children to turn the pages.

Then the Lowell Junior Red Cross decorated the covers. The inside pages they left blank, however, so that the handicapped children could select and mount their own pictures cut from old magazines.

When the scrapbooks were ready to be presented, sixteen children from Lowell were taken by the Long Beach Motor Service to the Clearwater School. They spent several hours playing with the children and eating lunch with them. The Clearwater children were so happy over their gift of scrapbooks, they in turn wanted to do something for Junior Red Cross.

NEWS BRIEFS FROM THE WEST

THE OREGON State School for the Blind, Salem, Oregon, has an active Junior Red Cross. This last year they prepared three beautiful correspondence albums, one for a school in Georgia and one in France. One they kept in their own school library.

Salt Lake City, Utah elementary schools are



FORT DEFIANCE, ARIZONA—

▲ Two little Navajo girls put neat stitches in the quilt they are making for the Junior Red Cross.

◀ Second-grade children show toys, games, and other items they have collected for their Junior Red Cross gift boxes.

REGIONAL CONFERENCE—Over 600 Junior Red Cross delegates attended this meeting at Santa Ana, California (story on page 21). ➤

BUSY AS BEES—Manual arts students at Buckman School, Portland, Oregon, make many articles for Junior Red Cross. Boy at right is decorating a book cart for a veterans hospital. At left students are painting toy boats for gift boxes. ▼

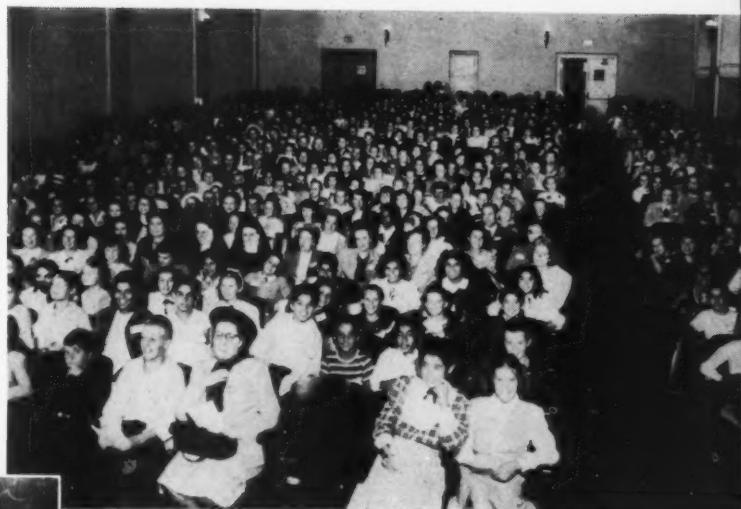


PHOTO BY ART COMMERCIAL STUDIO

livewires when it comes to their Junior Red Cross. Over 1800 of them helped to write and put on programs on *Racial Understanding* and *How to Fill a Gift Box*.

In Benton County, Oregon, elementary boys and girls are making plans for an exchange of material between city and rural schools. This will include correspondence albums, art, and recorded music.

Kitsap County, Washington, believes in health and safety courses. By working hard during one school year, 2200 certificates were issued in First Aid, Water Safety, and Accident Prevention.

Junior Red Cross gift boxes are used to teach arithmetic in the Portsmouth School, Portland, Oregon. It is much more fun to figure the cubic content of a gift box than of an empty room, the pupils there agree.

San Joaquin County Chapter, California,

takes an active part in community services. Greenwood, McKinley, and Davis Schools make holiday favors and toys for the children's wards in the local hospitals.

Instead of holding their usual Christmas party at school, one class in McKinley School used the money they would have spent for themselves for buying gifts for children in the hospital.

A World of Neighbors

NEIGHBORS grow the food we eat,
And make the clothes we wear.
Neighbors build our homes,
And make all things we use and share.

Neighbors keep us safe from fire,
And help us find our way.
Neighbors entertain us,
And make toys we use in play.

Neighbors write the books we read,
The songs we sing, and tell.
And far and near our neighbors work,
To keep our bodies well.

The world is full of neighbors,
Working for us, sharing, giving!
We need every neighbor as a friend,
For better finer living!

—Sema W. Herman,
Primary Teacher,
Chicago, Illinois.



Piggy Wig

Little Folks' Story by
CHRISTINE K. SIMMONS

Pictures by
Helen Finger Leflar

"**W**EE, WEE, WEE," cried little Piggy Wig. "I want my dinner, too." And he tried to push up as close as he could get to his mother.

But Big Pig, his big brother, would not let him eat.

And Joop, his other brother, would not let him eat.

And Scoop and Zoop, his sisters, would not let him eat.

So Piggy Wig was hungry. He could only eat what was left over.

And all his brothers and sisters grew fat and round.

But Piggy Wig did not grow so fat and round. His ears were thin and his cheeks were thin. Even the two little holes in the end of his nose were tiny. And the curl on the end of his tail was hardly any curl at all.

Piggy Wig's voice was very weak, too. Each of the others—Big Pig, Joop, Scoop, and Zoop—could tell their names in big,

loud grunts. But Piggy Wig always said his name in a weak little squeal.

"Wee, wee, wee, I'm me," said he.

When it was nap time for the little pigs, Big Pig and Joop snuggled close to each other and were soon fast asleep. Scoop and Zoop rolled over on their sides and snored.

But Piggy Wig wanted more food and

Mother Pig and Big Pig and Joop and Scoop and Zoop came running around the fence and tumbled right over him.



his mother's milk was all gone. He lay down beside her and soon was sleeping, too.

WHEREVER Mother Pig went, her five little pigs went, too.

One day she took her family for a walk beside the fence. Piggy Wig tried to keep up, but his legs were too short. He stopped and sat down to rest. He was so tired he lay down on the ground and went sound asleep.

When Piggy Wig woke up it was getting dark, and he was hungry. He called, "Wee, wee, wee, wee." But no one answered.

Then Piggy Wig listened harder.

He heard the dog bark, "Woof, woof."

He heard the rooster call, "Cock-a-doodle-doo-o-o-o."

He heard the cow say, "Moo, moo."

But no one came near to help him.

Then it began to storm. It rained and rained. Piggy Wig crawled under a pile of weeds to get warm. He wanted his family.

Would his mother miss him and come to look for him?

Soon he heard a strange sound, "Poo-hig! Poo-hig!" It was the farmer calling.

THEN SOMETHING happened that frightened Piggy Wig more than ever. Mother Pig and Big Pig and Joop and Scoop and Zoop came running around the fence and tumbled right over him.

Piggy Wig jumped up and ran. He found his family eating some nice milk the farmer had put into the trough for them.

"Gloop, gloop!" went the pigs, pushing their noses along the trough.

Mother Pig lifted her head and saw

Piggy Wig coming. His legs wobbled and his nose almost touched the ground. His eyes were red and his ears were damp. And worst of all, the lovely curl in his tail was all gone. Mother Pig hardly knew her child, but she was glad to have him back.

When Piggy Wig had eaten his share of the warm milk, he felt round and tight and happy. He yawned and lay down to sleep in some warm, scratchy straw. He was beginning to grow already.

After that, Piggy Wig always listened for the farmer's call. From that time on, he drank so much milk and slept so well at night that he grew and grew.



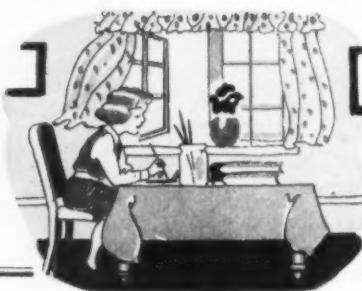
Piggy Wig drank so much milk and slept so well at night that he grew and grew.

He grew big and he grew fat and a nice curl came into his tail. And he never was hungry or frightened any more.



HEALTH LAWS

- 1. Wash hands before meals.**
- 2. Brush teeth and hair night and morning.**
- 3. Breathe through your nose.**
- 4. Windows open night and day.**
- 5. Play in the open air as much as you may.**
- 6. Early to bed - 10 hours' sleep - and early to rise.**
- 7. Wash all over with soap and warm water as often as you can.**



BRITISH JUNIOR RED CROSS—When school children in the British Isles join the Junior Red Cross, they are given an attractive little booklet. On the front cover is a space for name and address and the name of their "Link." Inside the booklet is a short history of the Red Cross, the "Health Laws," given above, and their motto, "Serve One Another."

The objects given are: "To keep oneself and others in good health. To give aid and comfort to the sick and suffering. To link together all the children of all countries of the world in a chain of human sympathy."

See page 16 for more about the British Junior Red Cross.



ST. PAUL MINNESOTA DISPATCH

VALENTINES FOR VETERANS—Children of grades 3 and 4 at Gladstone School, St. Paul, Minnesota, gave up their annual valentine party, and sent gifts to a veterans hospital instead. In recognition of the gifts, each child had his name written on a small heart pasted on the large valentine. Delegates to the Junior Red Cross council are pictured above, holding some of the gifts for veterans.

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS

BASIL O'CONNOR.....President
The American National Red Cross

LIVINGSTON L. BLAIR.....Vice President
for School and College Activities, The American
National Red Cross

EDWARD A. RICHARDS .. Director, American Junior Red Cross
THOMAS A. DEVINEAssistant Director
WILLIAM J. FLYNN.....Assistant Director

ALICE INGERSOLL THORNTON.....Assistant Director

ELIZABETH W. ROBINSON.....Educational Adviser

LOIS S. JOHNSON.....Editor, the NEWS

ELEANOR C. FISHBURN.....Managing Editor

HELEN S. LOENHOLDT.....Art Editor

LOUIS H. CARLSON.....Director, AJRC, Pacific Area
Contributing Editor for This Issue



PHOTO BY THE GAZETTE & DAILY
PUTTING CANDY into tiny valentine boxes made for children's hospitals by Junior members in York, Pa., is a pleasant task.



PHOTO BY RUDOLPH VETTER
HEARTS FOR LOVE—At Merrill School, Memphis, Tenn., Junior members put loving care into the valentines they are making for hospital patients.



V is for Valentine



KNOXVILLE NEWS-SENTINEL
TRAY FAVORS — In Knoxville, Tenn., pupils show some of the 860 valentines made by Junior members for veterans hospitals.

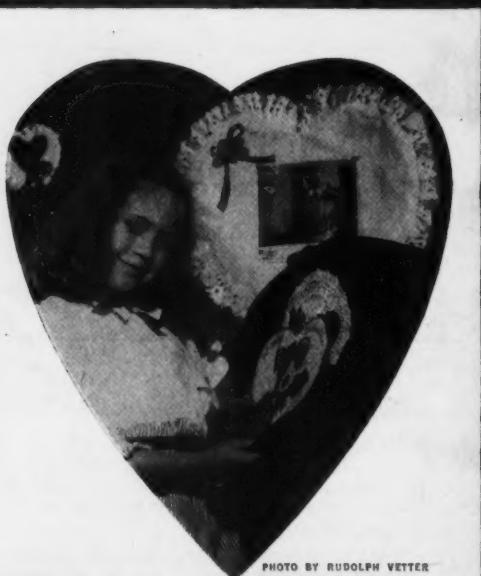


PHOTO BY RUDOLPH VETTER
A LACE FRILLS decorate the gay valentines made for hospitals by Junior members, Memphis, Tenn.



